

A PAIR OF PANTOUMS.

I.—PESSIMISTIC.

THE trivial round, the common task
I sing: 'tis not a lofty theme:
It doesn't furnish all I ask,
I hold it not in high esteem.

I sing ('tis not a lofty theme)
The life of somethings in the city:
I hold it not in high esteem,
And yet it suits this kind of ditty.

The life of somethings in the city,
'Tis nothing either strange or new,
And yet it suits this kind of ditty;
It may not quite appeal to you.

'Tis nothing either strange or new:—
Cold bath at some unearthly hour
(It may not quite appeal to you,
'Tis apt to make the temper sour)—

Cold bath at some unearthly hour,
A sadly unsuccessful shave,—
'Tis apt to make the temper sour.
A missing stud: that makes me rave.

A sadly unsuccessful shave,
The booming of the breakfast gong,
A missing stud: that makes me rave,
The scheme of things is surely wrong.

The booming of the breakfast gong,
A hasty, ill-digested meal;
The scheme of things is surely wrong;
A mutineer at heart I feel.

A hasty, ill-digested meal,
A rush to catch my morning train;
A mutineer at heart I feel,
I curse the sad November rain.

A rush to catch my morning train,—
I must cut short this harrowing tale;
I curse the sad November rain,
I curse, but what will that avail?

I must cut short this harrowing tale;
The trivial round, the common task
I curse. But what will that avail?
It doesn't furnish all I ask.

II.—OPTIMISTIC.

November's a capital time,
Whatever the poets may say;
Away with your querulous rhyme,
I'm off with the beagles to-day.

Whatever the poets may say,
The best runs I ever remember
(I'm off with the beagles to-day)
Have mostly occurred in November.

The best runs I ever remember
(The scent will be splendid, I know it)
Have mostly occurred in November:
A fig for your pessimist poet!

The scent will be splendid, I know it:
Just look at the dew on the grass.
A fig for your pessimist poet,
Your poet is mostly an ass.



MOTTOES; OR, "WHO'S WHO?" No. 2.—HUNTING.

MRS. PRETTYPHAT. FAMILY MOTTO—"MEDICI JUSSU."

Just look at the dew on the grass,
Just look at the tints of the trees:
Your poet is mostly an ass—
Sniff up the soft westerly breeze.

Just look at the tints of the trees:
Even now do you think I am wrong?
Sniff up the soft westerly breeze,
Here's true inspiration for song.

Even now do you think I am wrong?
Is there anything fairer in spring?
Here's true inspiration for song,
If you really feel called on to sing.

Is there anything fairer in spring?
"But the fogs..." Your suggestion
I spurn,

If you really feel called on to sing,
Give the joys of November a turn.

"But the fogs..." Your suggestion I
spurn,
What I've said I reiterate here

Give the joys of November a turn,
It's by far the best month in the year.
What I've said I reiterate here,
November's a capital time,
It's by far the best month in the year;
Away with your querulous rhyme!

AN APPEAL.—"We speak for those who cannot speak for themselves." Passengers are respectfully requested to stop the car as seldom as possible, especially when going up an incline. The re-starting is a great strain on the machinery.—
A Lover of Motors.

"RUSSIAN RESERVISTS."—The officers who have given their account, so far, as to the North Sea outrage.

THE FREE CHURCH CRISIS.
Big Frees have Wee Frees
Upon their backs to bite 'em.

NIGHT THOUGHTS OF AN ALTRUIST.

[In an article in the *Daily Mail* under the title "How to go to sleep," Mr. EUSTACE MILES, after touching on some of the more popular physical devices for inducing slumber, recommends that one should not allow one's meditations to be "self-circumferenced," but should "send out thoughts for the health of others." Composed, in all probability, during the night-watches, the KAISER's telegram to President ROOSEVELT, containing a prayer, couched in Latin, for his moral health, furnishes the most recent public example of this benevolent and non-egoistic attitude.]

WHEN the hours of day are ended,
And the stars are overhead,
And your figure lies extended
On a sanitary bed;
When you sample all specifics
From the latest sleeping tract,
And the footling soporifics
Fail to act;—

When, to soothe the veins that beat in
Your ebullient head, you hold
(Turn and turn about) your feet in
Tubs of water, hot and cold;
When you irrigate your seething
Temples with a garden hose,
Or adopt a rhythmic breathing
Through the nose;—

When you check a flock that hustles,
Sheep by sheep, across a stile,
Or relax your facial muscles
In a large and fatuous smile;
When you eat a raw cucumber
With an onion sliced in oil,
Yet no faintest sign of slumber
Crowns your toil;—

When you've run through every poem
Learned verbatim long ago,
And recalled, from JEROBAM,
Israel's monarchs in a row;
When, in fact, you've vainly tested
All the known hypnotic wiles,
Are you beaten, are you bested,
Mr. MILES?

Do you rise in your pyjamas
(Natural wool throughout) and pore
Over INSEN's earlier dramas
Till you ultimately snore?
Short of this, or HOMER's *Iliad*
In the undiluted Greek,
Have you else no balm in Gilead,
So to speak?

Yes! you turn your thoughts to others
Far beyond the selfish zone,
To a world of men and brothers
With digestions not your own;
There your heart goes gently stealing
(That's the true narcotic spell!)
And you trust that they are feeling
Pretty well.

Noble fellow! I salute your
Altruistic frame of mind,
And, if in the immediate future
Sleep forsake the undersigned,

I shall pray, in KAISER's Latin,
For a fleet (which Heaven preserve!)
Just at present rather flat in
Point of nerve.

I shall wish those wobbly Russians
Better health of eye and brain,
And to 'scape from fresh concussions
With the monsters of the main,
I shall send across the foam a
Prayer for each afflicted crew,
And I'm sure a state of coma
Must ensue. O. S.

GUILDHALL AND AFTER.

THE LORD MAYOR's procession was not favoured with the most perfect weather. This was regrettable, as in its arrangement it had gone back to old familiar forms, when the "showman" element was its great feature. One car alone kept up the ancient tradition, and certainly—in the exhibition of "a car whereon one of the supers" (according to the *Times* account) "carried a picture of a woman which was intended," as the bearer of it explained in reply to a gibe from someone in the crowd, "to be a likeness of his grandmother"—the original idea invented by Mrs. Jarley for the triumphal entry of her Waxworks Exhibition into a provincial town was copied to the very life. In spite of the day, the Show was successful, and the popularity of the new LORD MAYOR was made very evident by the heartiness of the reception accorded him.

The Banquet was a grand affair on the old lines, but great speakers were absent, and Lord LANSDOWNE's matter-of-fact statement concerning our North Sea difficulty with Russia was listened to with respectful attention, but without much heartiness of appreciation. Evidently there was a depth in the deep-sea fishery question which, as everyone felt, was not yet plumbed.

The other speeches were perfunctory, and added nothing to Guildhall gaiety. The nearest approach to a light touch in the heavy speeches was when somebody, perhaps it was the light Lord Chancellor, alluded to Lord Mayor POUND as the Sovereign of the city. But the audience didn't rise to the witticism, and it passed with scarcely what the reporters would enter in brackets as "a laugh."

The eloquence was not up to the brilliancy of the ancient Guildhall. But the turtle sustained its ancient civic reputation.

Not the least pleasant feature of the Lord Mayor's Banquet is that the next day one hundred and fifty of the deserving poor get their desserts and their dinners, as, so the *Times* informs us, "sufficient had been left to provide each recipient with several substantial meals

in meat, poultry, game, and sweets." As neither wine nor turtle is mentioned in this category, it may be presumed that of these there were no contingent remainders. But even without these extra luxuries, such a finish to a feast is highly satisfactory. Long live our LORD MAYOR, and may our Corporation never be less!

AVE, CÆSAR! MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS.

["I now bid you all good-bye for ever. Port Arthur will be my grave."—General Stoesel's message to the Czar.]

WE slept and ate and drank
And rose to play;
He cheered each patient rank
Which stood at bay,
Uplifting hearts that sank—
The hero's way.

No pause, the summer through,
In that fierce strife,
Each day, each night anew
He gave his life,
With, close beside him, you,
Heroic wife.

We sleep and eat and drink,
And rise to play,
You on the deadly brink
Each night, each day,
Still comfort hearts that sink—
The woman's way.

Here glows the fire-lit room
When night is nigh,
There, on the edge of doom
Content to die,
Together in the gloom
You say good-bye.

TOY BOOKS.

ON reading the advertisement of a recent publication, *Toy Dogs: Their Points and Management in Health and Disease*, by F. T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S., an Old Lowther Arcadian writes to say that he trusts that the other toys will have a like service rendered them, and suggests that some of the next volumes in the series should be as follows:

1. *The Monkey on a Stick*: How to treat him for sore feet.
2. *Leaden Soldiers*: Their Management in Warfare, with Chapter on Soldering by a Master Plumber.
3. *A Monograph on Eye Treatment for Wax Dolls*.
4. *Wooden Horses*: How to set broken Legs. With special Chapter by an eminent R.A. on how to transform a Chestnut to a Piebald.

A Brief Change of Air.

SIDMOUTH (South Devon).—For two or three minutes, from first week in November, furnished house.—Advt. in "*The Lady*."



AVE, CÆSAR !

(Dedicated to the gallant defender of Port Arthur.)

[“The honour of the Russian Eagles is untarnished, and to avoid further bloodshed humanity desires with one accord the surrender of the heroic remnants of the garrison.”—*Times*, November 12.]

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A BIG PILL.

"WHAT IS IT, MY PET?"

"OH, MUM—MUMMY—I DREAMT I'D SW-SWALLOWED MYSELF. HAVE I?"

LEGS AND THE MAN.

[The Clarion scents class distinction in the "knee-breeches for evening wear" movement.]

We have fought the fight of freedom for the masses,
We have won a hundred triumphs in the past,
Till the Upper Ten, assembled
In their marbled halls, have trembled
At the echo of *The Clarion's* silver blast.
We refused to differentiate the classes
By distinctions which are nothing but a fluke,
And our very souls have revelled
When we saw them fairly levelled,
And the waiter being taken for the Duke.

In the blessed state of nature men are brothers,
Every one of them as good as all the rest,
And the mighty empire-maker
Is no better than the baker—
Each is just a straddling radish till he's drest.
'Tis in clothes that one man differs from the others,
And we thought the day of tyranny was done,
For in evening dress at present
Who can pick out peer from peasant?
Prince and pauper in their swallow-tails are one.

But the forces of reaction re-awaken,
And the Dukes are on the war-path once again;
They resent to seem no greater
Than the ordinary waiter,
They are wild to find their glories on the wane.
They have sworn an end to trousers; they have shaken
Both the pillars of democracy, and swear,
Though there's nothing else to show them,
By their breeches ye shall know them,
For they'll swagger in the costliest of wear.
Shall we take it lying down? Are we to suffer,
And without a word of murmuring endure
While the vulgar man of riches
Flaunts his silk and satin breeches
In the faces of the humbly-trostered poor?
O my brothers, it is clear to any duffer
Aristocracy is hatching some vile plot.
Let us raise our ancient war-cry,
And as in the days of yore cry—
Banish breeches, brothers! *Vivent les Sans-culottes!*

THE KILTIES.—This band having achieved popularity, the question as to whether they are to be included in any concert takes the form of "Kiltie or not Kiltie?" and a jury of musicians decides.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

III.—THE CRICKET CLUB CONCERT.

I.

The Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

DEAR LADY BIRD,—It will give so much pleasure in the village if you could see your way to carry out a promise which you very kindly made in the summer, and be the moving spirit in the concert which is to be held on the 19th for the Cricket Club. With the many well-known artistes whom you expressed yourself able to induce to perform, the concert cannot but be an unqualified success, and the new roller assured to us.

I might say that the names of Miss ELLALINE TERRISS and Miss ADA REEVE, whom you felt confident of getting, when placed before the Cricket Club Committee elicited the warmest enthusiasm. So also did that of Mr. CHARLES (or was it GEORGE?) ROBEY.

Believe me, dear Lady Bird,

Yours sincerely, CÆSAR DEAR.

II.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

DEAR RECTOR,—I am sorry that engagements keep me in town, as I should have liked to have talked this concert over with you. I will certainly manage it; but I have a feeling—mere instinct, perhaps, rather than reason, but I always trust my instinct implicitly, and have never known it fail me: indeed, all my troubles have come from want of faith in it—that to get London performers would be a mistake. After all, this is a village concert, and the rustics will feel much more at home if the performers are their own people. Will you therefore send me a few names of singers in the neighbourhood to whom I can write? You will be glad to hear that I have prevailed on Sir JULIAN to tell some stories of Big Game shooting in Nigeria, and my cousin Captain IDE has promised to imitate Sir HENRY IRVING. My own contribution will be a share in a little French duologue.

Yours sincerely, MILLIE BIRD.

III.

Lady Bird to Mr. Hall-Hall.

LADY BIRD having undertaken, at the request of Dr. DEAR, to get up the concert on the 17th, she would be enchanted to learn that Mr. HALL-HALL would be willing to give one of his delightful recitations. Mr. HALL-HALL will be glad to hear that Sir JULIAN has promised to deliver a short address on his experiences with Big Game in Nigeria.

IV.

Mr. Hall-Hall to Lady Bird.

MR. HALL-HALL presents his compliments to LADY BIRD and will be very

glad to assist in the concert on the 17th. He does not, however, recite, as LADY BIRD seems to think, but sings bass.

V.

Lady Bird to Miss Effie Plumber.

LADY BIRD presents her compliments to Miss EFFIE PLUMBER and would be very glad if she would sing at the Cricket Club Concert on the 17th. LADY BIRD recently heard a very attractive song called "Sammy," which she would recommend to Miss PLUMBER's notice. LADY BIRD herself intends to take part in a short French duologue, and Sir JULIAN will give the audience the benefit of his Big Game experiences in Nigeria.

VI.

Miss Effie Plumber to Lady Bird.

MISS EFFIE PLUMBER presents her compliments to LADY BIRD, and begs to say that she will be pleased to sing at the Cricket Club Concert on the 17th. Miss EFFIE PLUMBER thanks LADY BIRD for her suggestion, but she is in the habit of singing "The Lost Chord" and "Jerusalem" on these occasions, with, for an encore, "Daddy," and she cannot see any reason for departing from custom.

VII.

The Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

DEAR LADY BIRD,—Chancing to meet Miss PLUMBER this morning, I find that she is under the impression that she is to sing for us on the 17th. I hasten to correct this misapprehension, if it is also yours, because the date is the 19th. I am, dear LADY BIRD, Yours sincerely, CÆSAR DEAR.

VIII.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

DEAR RECTOR,—Owing to the very unfortunate way in which you made the figure 9 in your first letter about the concert, I took it for a 7, and have asked every one for the 17th. Will you therefore change the date to that night?

Yours sincerely,

MILLIE BIRD.

IX.

The Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

MY DEAR LADY BIRD,—I regret exceedingly the ambiguity in the numeral. My writing is usually considered so clear. I regret also that the alteration of the date to the 17th is impossible, for several reasons. I have no doubt, however, that you will be able to get most of those who are helping us to come on the 19th, and to find among your great circle of friends and acquaintance others to take the place of the one or two that cannot. I should like to have a complete list of names as soon as possible. Believe me, dear LADY BIRD, Yours sincerely, CÆSAR DEAR.

X.

Lady Bird to Mr. Hall-Hall.

LADY BIRD presents her compliments to Mr. HALL-HALL and regrets to say that owing to a mistake of the Rector's the date of the concert was given in her letter as the 17th instead of the 19th. She trusts that the change of evening will make no difference to Mr. HALL-HALL, and that he will still favour the company with one of his charming recitations. Did LADY BIRD say in her previous letter that Sir JULIAN was intending to relate some of his experiences with Big Game?

XI.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

DEAR RECTOR,—I am very sorry that you will not alter the date. This luckless piece of illegible writing of yours may ruin the whole evening. As my uncle the Archbishop used to say, "Great events often have the smallest beginnings." But now that the date is the 19th for certain, it must not be changed, and we must do what we can. Perhaps the most unfortunate thing is that, on a little capricious impulse, I decided after all that a slight leaven of the real thing might be good, and asked Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mrs. BROWN POTTER for the 17th, and both promised, saying that that night was the only one that was free to them for months and months. This is truly the irony of fate. At present all I can count on is Sir JULIAN's Big Game stories, which promise to be very interesting, especially as he is taking lessons in elocution; Captain IDE's imitations of Sir HENRY IRVING; my own share in a little French duologue; and a few local efforts, including one of your friend Mr. HALL-HALL's recitations. (Not "Ostler Joe," I hope!) Yours sincerely, MILLIE BIRD.

XII.

Telegram from the Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

Am altering date to seventeenth to secure COFFIN and POTTER. DEAR.

XIII.

Telegram from Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

Do not alter date. Have just heard both COFFIN and POTTER uncertain. No reliance on artistic temperament. BIRD.

XIV.

Mr. Hall-Hall to Lady Bird.

MR. HALL-HALL presents his compliments to LADY BIRD, and regrets that he will be unable to assist in the concert on the 19th by reason of an old engagement. Mr. HALL-HALL begs again to assure LADY BIRD that he does not recite, but sings bass.

XV.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

MY DEAR RECTOR,—I am exceedingly sorry, but the responsibility of this concert has worn me to such an extent that Sir JULIAN insists on our leaving at once for the Riviera. Ever since the discovery of that unfortunate slip of yours in the date I have felt the strain. I am one of those who cannot take things lightly. I am either all fire or quite cold. I have been all fire for your concert and its dear charitable object, and the result is that I am worn out, consumed. Wreck, though, that I am, I would persevere with it to the end if Sir JULIAN would allow it; but he is a rock. I therefore enclose all the correspondence on the subject, which will show you how the case stands, and make it very easy for you to complete the arrangements. All the hard work is done.

Believe me, with all good wishes, yours sincerely,
MILLIE BIRD.

P.S.—Sir JULIAN is having his Big Game reminiscences type-written for you to read to the audience. They are most thrilling. I have instructed GRANT to send down the lion-skin hearth-rug for the evening. It should be hung over a chair so that the two bullet-holes show.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

REPORTS of the uninterrupted series of triumphs achieved by Professor BILGER during his tour round the world continue to reach his agent, Herr GOGO BERLITZ. In Nigeria the Professor was positively mobbed by the Yorubas, and presented by their chief with an ambidextrous chimpanzee, who has since evinced extraordinary aptitude for the pianola. On Professor BILGER's reaching the Solomon Islands a grand corroboree was organised in his honour, at which the hero of the hour was pelted with yams and other honorific missiles, and given the native title of Pomaluka Tarabomba, or "the long-haired lightning-fingered chief." Herr BERLITZ is further authorised to contradict the rumour that Professor BILGER has adopted the polygamous habits of his hosts, or that his son, by way of protest, has changed his name to BULGER.

Another client of Herr BERLITZ's, Madame CARLOTTA KLUMBUNGUS, met with a romantic accident the other day while travelling on the Underground. On arrival in a Circle train at Portland Road Station, on her way to fulfil an engagement at the Zoological Gardens, Madame KLUMBUNGUS missed a priceless diamond-hilted watch, presented to her by the Sultan of the Canary Islands. Inquiries were made, and ultimately the



INNOCENTS IN THE CITY.

Mrs. Fitznoodle (evidently not well versed in the delicacies of a Guildhall feast). "FREDDY, DEAR, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'CALIPASH' AND 'CALIFEE'?"

Colonel Fitznoodle (hesitating, and looking round for an answer). "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. EXACTLY THE DIFFERENCE THERE IS BETWEEN 'GOG' AND 'MAGOG'!"

watch was found on the footboard of the same train at the same station, after it had made a complete round of the Inner Circle. The fortunate discoverer of the watch, a railway porter named HERBERT WORPLE, has been presented by its grateful owner with a panel portrait of herself in the national costume of the Canary Islands.

Mlle. CHRISTINE FAROLA, the new vegetarian soprano, will give her first recital at the Mixolydian Hall on Tuesday evening next at 8.30 P.M. A special feature of the programme will be the performance of "With Verdure Clad" by the concert-giver, with *obligato* accompaniment on the plasmophone by Fräulein MILKA PROTENE. Miss PAMELA PIM has kindly consented to give her humorous sketch, *Nut Cutlets*.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. ANDREW JUBB, the distinguished musical critic, at the age of seventy-six. Mr. JUBB, who was originally brought up to the hardware trade, used to utter the

proud boast that he had never sat out a WAGNER opera, and to the day of his death never succeeded in distinguishing BRAHMS from BRAHAM. It was he also who made the famous retort to the amateur who asked him if he liked CORELLI's music: "I've read all her novels, but I never knew she was a composer before." Mr. JUBB, who wrote for two dailies and seven provincial papers, used to bathe daily in the Serpentine until he was past seventy, and always drank claret-cup for lunch, winter and summer.

Dr. KRUMBASCHER, the famous Illyrian pianist, has just returned to Volo after a successful tour in the United States, during which he played 294 times in public, composed variations on "Yankee Doodle," and was received into the Mormon Church at Salt Lake City. Dr. KRUMBASCHER, who is an ardent philatelist, has been a teetotaler from birth, and is the youngest of nine brothers, none of whom weighs more than fourteen stone.

THE PROSPECT KING.

(An Interview of the Near Future.)

"American millionaires have now a new fad . . . they are planning and bringing about by the potent influence of their gold nothing less than the bodily removal of certain European landscapes."—"Chronicle," San Francisco.]

"Yes," I was informed, on presenting my credentials at the Hôtel Sybarite, "Mr. SPLOSCHMACHER was in, and would see me." And, shortly afterwards, I was ushered into the palatial suite of apartments which Mr. PYTHAGORAS K. SPLOSCHMACHER retains, at an enormous annual rental, for his usage during his brief and very occasional visits to our metropolis.

It was difficult to realise at first that the spare, almost homely individual in the frock-coat and wispy black necktie, with the rugged features and stubbly beard and moustache, whom I found lunching unpretentiously upon a charcoal biscuit and a wineglassful of barley-water, was the famous American multi-trillionaire, whose energy and resources have enabled his native country to boast that all the most celebrated scenery of the Old World is now transported to the more appreciative soil of Columbia.

"What was it first led me to think of collecting scenery?" said Mr. PYTHAGORAS SPLOSCHMACHER, repeating my inquiry thoughtfully. "Well, it was pretty much of an accident. As a business man, I'd no time, naturally, to devote any particular study to the subject. In fact, when I began, I don't hardly believe I knew one end of a view from the other! It was all along of my daughter that I came to take it up as a regular hobby. She was a poetically-minded girl, at that period, and she got a sort of hankering to see the cragged and castled Rhine. Perhaps I should tell you that, though I am an American citizen and proud of the fact, my ancestors were originally of German extraction, which possibly accounted for it. Well, the trouble with my daughter was she was about the poorest sailor I ever see—the mere sight of an ordinary rocking-chair would set her heaving! She could not be induced to cross the Atlantic Ocean—not even to behold the Rhine—and yet you could see the child was fretting herself to a rag for a sight of that romantic stream with its numerous legendary associations.

"So, as she couldn't be got to the Rhine, it occurred to me that the Rhine—or, at all events, a characteristic section of the same—might be got to her, and I went into the thing from a practical point of view. I got a few scenery experts to give me some pointers as to which part of the river was considered the most representatively picturesque—and then I waltzed in with a business offer to the proper local authorities. As I surmised, it turned out to be merely a matter of dollars; they don't seem to have any use for their old peaks and things nowadays—except to set up factory chimneys upon—so I was able to purchase both banks, from Bacharach to Boppard inclusive, comprising the island of Pfalz, the Loreleyfelsen, and several highly interesting mediæval ruins, complete, with a sufficient consignment of real Rhine water to supply the section, at a considerably lower figure than I anticipated. I let them keep the railway track along each side, which was all they were anxious about. Of course the problem was getting it all safely home, and having it set up in its original condition in my own grounds. There were some mistakes. I can see that now. Owing to incorrect lettering, the remains of Rheinfels were re-erected on the wrong side of the river, while the castle of Sterrenberg got dumped down on the island of Pfalz, whose own tower unfortunately got mislaid altogether—but my dear daughter was just as pleased, not knowing the difference. She said she guessed there wasn't one of America's most pampered daughters ever received a bullier birthday present!

"Well, that was the start—the nucleus, so to speak.

Dating from that little birthday gift, I became kind of inoculated with the collecting virus. I read up guide-books and scenery manuals, and whenever I came across a European landscape highly mentioned by competent judges I'd send my agent around with instructions to secure the article the moment it came into the market.

"Likely you're aware that I am now the sole proprietor of the celebrated French forest of Fontainebleau, with the adjoining château or pleasure palace of the French monarchs? Yes, Sir, all those majestic sylvan giants, together with an assortment of rocks said to be unique, were carefully numbered and transported in specially constructed vessels to our side of the herring-pond, and set up in a spare back lot of mine, where they may now be inspected, on production of visiting-card and certificate of respectability, every Fourth of July!

"I've my representatives now in every part of the European Continent, engaged exclusively in picking up prime portions of the picturesque. I never know what I've purchased till it's unpacked. I shouldn't wonder if I didn't find time to examine most of them—but still, I've the satisfaction of knowing I haven't let a good thing slip through my fingers!

"Not but what," continued Mr. SPLOSCHMACHER, "I haven't had my disappointments. There was Tivoli, now. I should have dearly loved to have acquired Tivoli, with the temple of the Sibyl, falls and appurtenances, as a going concern, and I'd put the contract through with the Syndic and all—but it was not to be!

"If you'll believe me, a benighted and despotic Government stepped in at the last moment and declined to allow Tivoli to leave the Italian dominions!

"And I don't consider I was any better treated over the Jungfrau either. I bought that mountain for my boys, so as they should get some rock-climbing, which they're partial to, without having to travel for it. And, though they did make me pay pretty considerable for such fixtures as railroads, I got it cheap enough. But, when I came to estimate the time it would require to take that peak down and re-erect it on American soil, Sir, I began to realise that, before it was fit for use and occupation, my boys would be a deal too elderly to get any appreciable enjoyment out of it, and I was glad to cancel the purchase on forfeiture of the deposit. Those Swiss officials are smart men, Sir, and that's a fact!

"Do I intend to acquire any of your English scenery now I'm over here? Well, I can't say for certain. I've made an offer for Stratford-on-Avon as it stands, because I reckon the purchase would be generally appreciated by my fellow-countrymen, who would like to feel that what remains of it will be preserved from further vandalisms. But I doubt it's scarcely worth the outlay—being by now more of a curiosity than a genuine antiquity.

"If you've got such a thing left as a typical English lake which isn't being utilised as a service tank, or suffering from an extensive deposit of your national two-storied villageresidences, I don't know as I mightn't secure it—just for its rarity—but I want to know where I'm to find it first!

"The views from Richmond Hill and Hampstead Heath have been a good deal cracked up, I allow, and my agents have been in treaty for one or the other—but as soon as I came to inspect them myself I cried off. I'm not purchasing any landscapes with jerry-built foregrounds to them. Not much!

"Do I find my acquisitions have made me at all unpopular on the Continent? Why no, I haven't observed the fact. My experience is that the majority of the residents, after some unrivalled stretch of their local scenery has been shipped off to the United States, do not notice any particular difference. You see, a love for scenery is an acquired taste—it comes, as you may say, with Culture. If any inhabitant sets a money value on the view, it's a consolation to him to feel he's got the money in his pocket. . . . Besides, he's bound to

lose his prospect sooner or later, owing to the increase of commercial enterprise—in which case he knows he wouldn't have got a red cent in compensation. No, I reckon I'm an all-round benefactor.

"I tell you, Sir, if it wasn't for Me, the next generation of European citizens wouldn't begin to have any idea what their world-famous scenery used to be before it was all laid out in building lots!"

F. A.

CHARIVARIA.

THE new edition of *Great Inventors* is to be embellished with a "cut" of Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY.

"Owing to the various conflicting orders given to Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY," says the *Daily Express*, "his may be described as the 'Don't-know-where Fleet.'" Fortunately few persons have availed themselves of this permission.

The Army Council has decided that henceforth recruits may be accepted with artificial teeth "upon their undertaking to maintain them in serviceable condition." The kit inspection of the future will undoubtedly gain in picturesqueness when, here and there, among the other articles placed upon the ground, a well pipe-clayed set of teeth appears.

The Poplar Union, in an endeavour to become still more so, has abolished the word "pauper" in connection with the institution. It has not transpired what expression is to take its place, but we trust that it has been appreciated that a stigma attaches to the word "millionaire" also.

An election leaflet issued by the Free Fooders makes the following gruesome statement:—"The value of boots consumed in the United Kingdom last year amounted to £41,000,000." This accounts for many an exceptionally tough steak.

With a view to allaying the alarm caused by the frequent ignition of motor omnibuses, we are requested to state that in no instance, so far, have the passengers been more than slightly singed.

Face-smacking has come into fashion again in the French Chamber of Deputies.

The New York man who wagered that, if President ROOSEVELT were not re-elected, he would let his hair grow until 1908 fortunately won. We have met musicians who made similar bets, and unhappily lost.

Let War take a lesson from Peace.



UNNECESSARY QUESTIONS.

Lady (with gun). "AM I HOLDING THE THING RIGHT?"

President ROOSEVELT gained his great victory with a loss of only thirteen lives.

The present attitude of the Russian newspapers to this country is said to be due to our taunts that the Russians could only act on the defensive. They wish to show that they are also masters of the offensive.

We all know that Americans can lick creation. It therefore came as no surprise when Mr. ALEXANDER, the leader of the revivalists now in this country, informed an interviewer that his arms had become like iron from beating time.

According to a Blue-book on differential duties which has just been issued, asses once paid duty. There was not always a Passive Resistance movement.

The young lady who represented Britannia on the summit of the allegorical

car in the Lord Mayor's Show received, it has transpired, a fee of fifteen shillings, a bottle of lemonade, and a Melton Mowbray pie. Her dignified bearing was due, we understand, to the bottle of lemonade.

THE "WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC" ONCE MORE.—"The Earl of LONDENBOROUGH has intimated to the tenants on his Scoreby Estate, near York, and his Tathwell and Hallington domains, in North Lincolnshire, that he is about to have them put up for sale by auction."—*The Standard*.

THE CZAR has described the Baltic Fleet as a "dear squadron." This is surely but a modest estimate of its extraordinarily expensive tastes.

FEARS have been expressed that Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY, on finding the Equator across his path, will fire on that imaginary object.



A FAILURE.

Farmer. "WELL, GEORGE, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ON THAT THERE BICYCLE AS YOU BOUGHT LATELY."
George. "NO, FARMER. HE BEAN'T NO GOOD TO I. HE CAN'T FIND HIS WAY 'OME, AN' HE WON'T CARRY ODER!"

MAIL-CART DIALOGUE.

"LOOK here, young Tenweeks, toe the line, will you!" ejaculated Twoyears from the other end of the slowly-moving perambulator; "you begin by unexpectedly monopolising the better half of my mail-cart, and end by kicking me in the sash."

"I'm sorry—but it's really not my fault," returned the other in a moody whimper. "If I draw my knees up further towards my chin they'll immediately give me dill-water, as you may remember from your own experience;—if not too far back."

"Dill-water—dear, dear!" said Twoyears, somewhat mollified, "what youthful memories that name recalls! So you don't like it either?"

"It has its uses," replied Tenweeks, "but as a universal remedy it is over-

rated. Dill-water cannot cure the consequences of an unlatched safety-pin, the trials of the toilet, or the suffocation which results from a tight neck-string, yet it is freely administered for all these complaints."

"But why take it? You should do a choke every time—that's the tip."

"I've tried that," returned the infant morosely, "and now they mix it in my bottle."

"Well, I can't advise you not to take that, my young friend," said Twoyears, with a dimpling smile; "and to judge from the commotion at your end of the nursery before meals it wouldn't be much use if I did."

"As for that, don't misunderstand me," said Tenweeks. "It is not my own internal requirements that irritate me so much as the servants' gross unpunctuality. I have never had a meal

yet without having to call for it repeatedly."

"So I've noticed," replied Twoyears. "Fortunately I've left all that behind me, being at the bread, gravy and spoon stage myself."

"But do you get enough?"

"Never; though by playing 'bow-wow' round the table one may often extract a little something from an appreciative Auntie."

"Don't mention Aunties—they'll be the death of me!" exclaimed the other bitterly. "It's a pity they can't employ their time better than by making more things to tie round my neck—as if I hadn't got enough already. Too little to eat, too much to wear—that's my grievance. What was yours last night, by the way? I fancy I heard you at some length."

"Oh yes, I did make things hum a bit. They're trying to break me of going to sleep with my comforter in my mouth, but as I have no intention of relinquishing it now, or at any future time, I am prepared to protest till all's blue—myself included."

"I noticed the man came up eventually, and insisted on your having it."

"The man?—that's father! He's not a bad sort when you know him. 'Anything for peace' is his motto; besides, he's always sucking a comforter himself—one of those queer-shaped ones that leave such a penetrating smell behind them."

"But what curiously ineffective beings these fathers seem to be, though," remarked Tenweeks. "He picked me up once. Great Bibs and Tie-ups! I thought my back had gone."

"Ah, but you'll find they become less helpless as you grow older and can take them about a bit. And talking of tie-ups I don't understand why yours are yellow, while mine, as far as I can remember, were red."

Tenweeks paused a moment before replying, then said significantly, "Far be it from me to infer why yours were red. Mine are yellow, to match my hair."

Twoyears stiffened, then said with a puzzled smile, "Your what?"

"My hair," replied the infant defensively.

"Which is that?" inquired the other, and went off into a gurgle of laughter.

Hurt beyond measure, Tenweeks replied by resuming the position objected to at the beginning of the dialogue. Twoyears pushed him back roughly, and received a sharp tap on the shoulder from a white-thread-gloved hand, which deserted the handle at the back for that purpose. A howl arose from either end of the mail-cart, and, comforters being promptly applied, further conversation was rendered impossible.



OUR GUNLESS ARMY.

MR. BELL, "WHERE ARE THESE QUICK-FIRING GUNS I WAS PROMISED AGES AGO? I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT 'EM." PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF NATIONAL DEFENCE. "QUITE SO, BUT OUR FIRST CONSIDERATION IS THE BUDGET."
 [In a pic of the undertaking given by Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER as to the re-arming of the artillery with quick-firing guns of the new pattern, only about one-twentieth of this equipment has at present been supplied. See recent articles in the *St. James's Gazette*.]

THE SAN CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

New opera based (and tenor'd) on old play. Better perhaps for both works had composer CILEA shown his Calabrian calibre in an original libretto and not listened to the voice of the writer Signor A. COLAUTTI, write he never so nicely. However 'tis done, and this "Lyrical Drama" (why not simply "Opera"?) "based on SCRIBE and LEGOUVÉ's play" and version'd in English "as she is writ" by PERCY PINKERTON, was presented to an English audience by the San Carlist Company, under Mr. RUSSELL's direction, at Covent Garden on Tuesday 8th, eve of Lord Mayor's Day as also of His Gracious Majesty's Birthday. These two Eves should be the best of English fairy godmothers to *Mlle. Adrienne* (preferable to "*Adriana*") *Lecouvreur*.

To convey to others a first and correct impression of this new work we should say that the music is pretty throughout, though there is scarcely one number of any note (so to speak) of which we can rob the opera by taking it away with us. A very tuneful piece was encored in the Second Act, and the opera in its entirety was received enthusiastically by a well-filled, if not packed (of course we do not mean an "artfully packed") house. Certainly we could hear it again with pleasure, and extracts from it may achieve popularity.

The opera was most effectively placed on the stage, both as regards scenery and costumes, especially that of *Madame de Cisneros*, who looked strikingly handsome as *La Principessa di Bouillon*, and worthily divided the honours with *Madame Giachetti* in the grand duet of the Second Act between the *Principessa* and *Adrienne*. *Madame Giachetti* as the heroine was charming, both vocally and histrionically. Signor ANSELMI played better than he sang, as he seemed to be lacking in that touch of sympathy which the part requires. Signor SAMMARCO as *Michonnet* and Signor PAROLI as *L'Abate di Chazeuil* (rather difficult to recognise the portrait of *L'Abbé de Choiseul* painted in Italian oils) acquitted themselves artistically as vocalists, and fairly well as histrions.

As *Il Principe di Bouillon* (which sounds to the ignorant as if he had obtained his title through writing a treatise on the essence of beef-stewing) Signor ANGELINI FORNARI was as satisfying as a good *bouillon* ought to be. The ballet in Act III. is a dance of no particular importance. Everyone was called by the call-boy, and all the principals by the audience, who then vociferously cheered Signor CAMPANINI for his admirable conduct in the chair (in the orchestra), and gave the composer a thoroughly hearty and most gratifying reception. The *entr'actes* were too long, which is always dangerous, especially at a *première*.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend—beware however of his prescriptions.

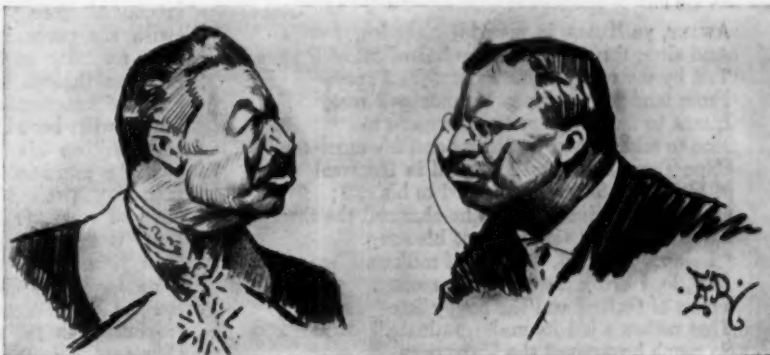
The love of our own country should be implanted early or the climate will win.

There are lots of compliments that a woman thinks bad form; they are paid to the others.

Labour overcometh all things, except the capitalist.

He lives longest that is awake most hours, but he yawns a good deal.

To a brave man every soil is his country; that accounts for our colonies.



KINDRED SPIRITS OF THE "STRENUOUS LIFE."

(The Kaiser and President Roosevelt.)

MR. SQUEERS ON THE EMOTIONS.

[A reviewer in the *Yorkshire Post*, à propos of a recently-published volume, the theme of which is the poet's grief for the loss of his mother, remarks:—"Had the poem been inspired by love for a woman lost ere wed, or for a passionately-beloved wife dead in her prime, such an expression of ferocious sorrow might have been accepted as not absolute madness. But when used concerning one's mother—well!"]

Oh, Brother Bards, who make your griefs the subject for a sonnet,

And when your heart is broken write an elegy upon it,
Who mourn (perhaps) a parent or some other near relation,
Be careful to express yourselves with fitting moderation.

That sort of loss is bound to come, most people have gone through it,

So write your poem if you must—but don't you overdo it!

These little ills of human life that seem to you so bitter

Excite in the reviewing mind a tendency to titter;

And don't suppose your snuffling will disarm the critic's curses,

He may respect your feelings, but he'll drop upon your verses.

For it is clear as clear can be that filial devotion

Is not a theme for genuine poetical emotion.

If the lady you're engaged to dies a week before the wedding,

Some allowance will be made for any tears you may be shedding;

Or if a wife's decease inspires your melancholy ditty—

That is, if she is young and more than usually pretty;

But a mother!—It is patent that no reasonable person

Could select *her* of all people as the peg to hang his verse on.

It's true that COWPER did so. But the only consequence is

That no one ever afterwards believed him in his senses.

While BYRON, with his strong good sense, his fire and force and passion,

Apostrophised *his* mother in a very different fashion!

A mother's only business (and, I'm told, her sole ambition)

Is to supervise the niceties of infantile nutrition,

To hang above your baby cot with rapture, scarcely breathing,

To nurse you through the whooping-cough and soothe the pangs of teething,

To buy the toys you gaily break, endure your childish chatter—

And that is really all that need be said about the matter.

So bear this warning well in mind, oh my poetic brothers,
And never, NEVER, NEVER write a poem to your mothers!

OXFORD'S EXPANSION.

["Dr. PARKIN's mission has been very successful. Many RHODES scholars are now in residence at Oxford."]—*Daily Paper.*

AWAKE, ye Muses, in your blest abodes,
And sing, through me, the scholar-host of RHODES;
Tell by my tongue how PARKIN sped apace
From land to land upon his moneyed race,
Intent to find in every spot he came to
Men to take RHODES's shilling and his name too.
Cape Town has heard him, and in Montreal
McGILL's professors hearkened to his call;
On Morrumbidgee's banks he charmed the throng,
Mount Kosciuszko sparkled at his song.
"I sing," he cried, "a land of milk and honey;
And, lo, I bring the necessary money.
I sing of Oxford and the happy fate
That makes a lad its undergraduate."
So much he praised the University
He caused a boom in Oxford oversea,
And even advertised her on the Spree.
The KAISER saw that there was money in it:—
"Go in," he said, "my merry men, and win it;
Geht, meine Kinder, nehmt die Pfeifen mit,
And make the British fellows to up-sit;
Drink beer and, drinking, spread your KAISER's glory,
Dann kehrt zurück, and tell me all your story."

Much in the States did PARKIN spend his breath;
His message tickled every Yank to death:
In fact he very earnestly impressed
The great Republic of the fruitful West;
Told her, since fairy-stories there's no tax on,
All kinds of tales about the Anglo-Saxon,
His heritage, his fair Columbian daughter,
And how his blood is thicker far than water.
Utah beheld the missionary gleam;
It flashed and flew across Missouri's stream.
Now here, now there, it lingered not in vain,
In South Dakota, Kansas, and in Maine;
Glanced o'er Connecticut, and had to use its
Best work to be allowed in Massachusetts
(Rhodesian lures seemed rather to be lost on
The hard-shell Puritans who dwell in Boston);
Sped through New York, and, glowing like a light-house,
Lit up the teeth of TEDDY in the White House.
New Hampshire knew it; in Virginia's view
It seemed a something strange and rare and new.
High in Ohio it was seen to flare;
Montana's skies were ruddy with its glare;
And hardy Western men relate with awe
How bright it shone in distant Arkansas.
It stayed awhile with Mr. CORTELYOU;
Beamed on the good grey head of C. DEFEW,
And, having spread through districts all was dark in,
Returned, unwearied still, with Dr. PARKIN.
But not alone: across the stormy main
A host of youths it carried in its train,
Youths who had packed their pants and shirts and collars,
And left their homes as Mr. RHODES's scholars,
Seeking in Oxford with a holy rage
The last enchantments of the Middle Age.

"What strange new rivers have flowed down from far
To mix with Isis and combine with Cher!
Learning I love; I love not learning's booms"—
So growled an Oxford Don, and left his rooms;
And next was found, with wife and child and pram,
At home and happy by the simple Cam. Tis.

A PIRATE KING.—JOLLY ROGER-DESTVENSKY.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THERE are some very ancient stage jests, rather to be reckoned among "bits of business," that seem to be gifted with the perennial power of giving intense gratification to the majority in a crowded audience, who spontaneously express their delight in bursts of irrepressible laughter and by the heartiest handclapping applause. Any experienced actor will be able to tick off such certainties as "safe laughs," on his fingers, and the truth of the calculation will be admitted on all hands. There are some of these in Mr. ZANGWILL's *Merely Mary Ann*, one being the misdirection of whatever liquid it may be that the actor is pouring out (it matters not from what jug, bottle, or syphon, the last being the most modern form), so that, instead of the tumbler being filled, an actor's legs are drenched, whereat, on its first occurrence, the audience is convulsed. On repetition in the same piece, however, this humorous bit of business falls flat. It is no use laughing over twice spilt soda-water. The fun has fizzled out.

Then, in the course of a merry, successful musical piece at another theatre, a most popular actor who can act, sing, dance, and generally keep the ball a-rolling nightly to genuinely delighted audiences, gives with utmost verve a song with a swing and a lilt in it that makes it "catch on" at once, and in the course of this, at the end of one line where the word, if we remember aright, should rhyme with "cram," and be represented by the last syllable of "Amsterdam," the sly singer does not utter the monosyllable, but it is expressed by a bang on the drum, and is thus rendered intelligible to the meanest capacity wherever its possessor may be seated, whether in the stalls, in the upper middle circle, or among the highest intelligences at the greatest distance from the stage. And what is this rare example of exquisite humour but a survival of the ancient "business" that invariably formed an essential part of the old song that, years and years ago, used invariably to be sung by the clown in a Drury Lane pantomime on its being insistently demanded by the "gallery boys" and "pittites" whose fathers and grandfathers had been wont to applaud to the echo the song known as "*Hot Codlins*," originally sung by Mr. JOSEPH GRIMALDI in every pantomime wherein this King of Clowns took part at Old Drury Lane Theatre?

Some time ago there was a re-action against this style of fun which was temporarily voted vulgar; superfine critics of the period classed such exhibitions with the performance of burlesque which they condemned as "inine," and professed to welcome with ardour the change to "musical pieces" which have gradually become little more than a patch-work put together anyhow, into which any song or dance or dialogue, however irrelevant, can be introduced at any time, so as to keep the entertainment going as "a variety show," with disjointed prose, plenty of rhyme, and very little reason. And the moral is simply the old one, as forcible now as ever it was, and as it always will be, that

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And those who live to please must please to live;

and after all, as Nancy inquired in *Oliver Twist*, so may the question now be asked, "what might be the amount of odds so long as a lady or gentleman was happy?" And if it pays—*voilà tout!*

AN OFFICIAL WARNING AGAINST MAL-DE-MER.—From a printed receipt given on board the Queensboro'-Flushing Mail Boat:—

"Passengers are particularly requested to obtain from the Stewards, coupons, showing the amount, paid for refreshments and to retain the same."

The italics are Mr. Punch's, but the sole credit for the punctuation is due to the original author of this brochure.



THE EGOIST.

Gallant Colonel. "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT DO YOU KNOW YOUR HORSE IS KICKING?"
 Lady (on hiring, and out for the first time). "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR MENTIONING IT, COLONEL, BUT I REALLY DON'T MIND IT AT ALL."

THE SOLE OF HONOUR.

ARE YOU SHOD WITH SHODDY?

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[These footnotes were prepared by one of Mr. PUNCH's artful advertisers, and the observations they contain are guaranteed to be wholesome, palatable, and free from all injurious ingredients.]

THE ancient philosopher PYTHAGORAS is recorded to have met an acquaintance in the market-place on one of those inclement days which, even in the normally serene climatic conditions of Greece, are apt, although with comparative infrequency, to depress, not less by their intrinsic unpleasantness than by their contrast with that ideal atmospheric serenity beloved by the Hellenic race, every [When is this sentence going to end?—Ed. I always start like this. It impresses the reader. Besides, I'm just coming to a full stop.—ARTFUL ADVERTISER] citizen. Noticing that his friend's sandals were far from water-tight, the philosopher strongly advised his friend to go home. The latter, however, protested that if his sandals were worn out at least his *chiton*, or tunic, was in excellent order. "That may be," returned PYTHAGORAS with withering sarcasm, "but your tunic will not keep your feet dry." [What is the point of this story?—Ed. Wait, and you'll see.—A. A.]

This profound aphorism may well be impressed upon the British public of to-day. How frequently we may observe a man, well-dressed in other respects, whose boots quite obviously have not been made by a really first-class firm! Doubtless the fact may be attributed by some to the scarcity of really first-class bootmakers. That they are scarce, we do not question; indeed, the title cannot with accuracy be conferred upon more than one London house. If this were a mere barefaced advertisement, we should immediately give the name of that firm. But this is a literary article, designed merely to interest the casual reader. Wild horses shall not drag us into revealing the name of the firm to which we allude.

Messrs. TAG, LACE & Co. (547, Regent Street, right-hand side; be very particular about the address) are, by common consent, the best purveyors of foot-wear in the world. To them, therefore, we have applied for an expert analysis of two sample boots, and the results are so striking that we hasten to set them before the public.

SAMPLE 1.—A boot made by any firm but one.

2nd quality leather.....	25.45 parts.
3rd " ".....	24.55 "
Brown paper, &c.	49.95 "
Best leather	05 "
	<u>100.00</u>

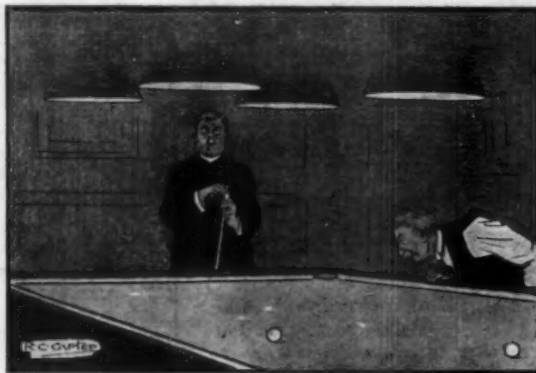
SAMPLE 2.—A boot made by Messrs. TAG, LACE & Co.

(Don't forget the only address,
547, Regent Street.)

Best leather..... 100 parts.

100

The moral of this is obvious, and if these articles were written with any idea of recommending a particular firm (which of course they are not), we should say that the man is foolish



Owner of Table. "LOOK HERE! YOU ARE ALWAYS REMINDING ME TO RESPECT YOUR CLOTH. I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D PAY A LITTLE MORE RESPECT TO MINE!"

indeed who buys his boots elsewhere than at 547, Regent Street. But this is no vulgar puff. We will only say (i) Buy your boots at a first-class house; (ii) Messrs. TAG, LACE & Co.'s house is undoubtedly first-class; (iii) There is only one first-class house in England. These are incontrovertible facts; if the reader draws certain deductions from them, that, of course, is no fault of ours.

In our next six articles we shall speak of the different kinds of footwear, giving information that is suitable to the Times. [No doubt; but not to "Punch."—Ed.]

ORIENTAL MIXED DRINKS.—During the excitement caused by other news from the Far East the following item, which in quieter times might have excited notice, has been overlooked. The *North China Herald*, dealing with the ceremony of opening the Shanghai Rowing Club Boat House, says: "On a long table were many dozens of glasses being filled with champagne, sandwiches, and cigars."

A WARNING TO MOTORISTS.

WE hear, on good authority, that the practice of riding in motors, with its attendant lack of exercise, is leading the smart set and society at large to put on adipose tissue at an alarming rate, and at the same time to develop a Gargantuan appetite. Before it is too late, it is as well to point out what this is all leading to, viz., the fatal steps of a downward devolution, or the giddy vortex of a vicious circle (at the moment of writing we are not sure which). At any rate,

A Motorocracy which is obese and voracious, especially in its feminine members, will speedily bring about, we prophesy, the state of things which prevailed at the Court of GEORGE II., where the ladies' credentials were ombongpong and a handiness with knife, fork, and fingers. This will be the psychologic

epoch for the reappearance of

BEAU NASH, with his train of Deputy M.C.'s and *petits-maitres*. NASH *redicivus* will necessitate a revival of

Bath and its goings-on (see any old comedy).

The next move will undoubtedly be the reintroduction of Bath and Sedan chairs.

Among the concomitants of the latter we shall have a renewed importation of

Negro Page-boys; in other words, we are being precipitated downwards into the bad old horrors of slavery, out of which it was fondly hoped that the world had emerged. From Slavery and the Slave-market set up in our midst it is but a short step to the re-establishment of

The Press Gang (we shudder to write the word, but the truth will out). It has nothing to do with the able and energetic members of the Fourth Estate who make things lively in Fleet Street in the small morning hours, but it involves the abolition, or at least the suspension, of Habeas Corpus, the undoing of Magna Charta, the Recrudescence of Robber Barons, the re-erection of Portcullises and Machicolated Battlements, and a general outbreak of

The Darkest Middle Ages. This means nothing more nor less than a renewal of the grossest superstitions, which will have to be stamped out by a series of

Autos-da-Fé. We have here slipped forward a century or two, but no matter!

From an *Auto-da-Fé* it is the easiest possible transition into an Automobile, and (as we feared at the beginning) we have the whole dreadful story all over again. Let, then, the Upper Teuf-Teuf be warned in time. The British public has had enough of motor ataxy.

A GUNLESS WAR OFFICE.

Members of Army Council deliberating. Table littered with papers, in the midst of which reposes a Brodrick cap, which the members have evidently been trying on in turn before a pier-glass in the background, during a discussion as to the responsibility for the introduction of the head-dress in question.

First member (despairingly). No, the thing doesn't suit any of us—hardly a fair test perhaps. Wish the thing was in Tibet. Too bad of B. trying to shirk his responsibility for it, after telling me he would approve of anything that wouldn't stop recruiting and be to the taste of the British Nursemaid. Hang the—no, I don't mean that, but it is really most annoying, after all our trouble, that the British Nursemaid should object to the cap. We shall have to get a British Nursemaid on the Council, I suppose.

Second member (impressively, struck by a brilliant idea). There's nothing like testing the matter personally to get at the truth. As a family man you must have a British Nursemaid somewhere on the premises. Now suppose you take the cap home, put it on, have the Nursemaid sent for in a casual, incidental kind of way, and watch the effect.

First member mildly but firmly and decidedly negatives the proposal.

Second member (disappointed). Well, of course if you object, there's no more to be said. By the way, I got an anonymous letter this morning from some fellow who says he knows another fellow who saw an article in an evening paper (an influential evening paper, he says), stating categorically that the guns of the Field Artillery are utterly out of date, and inferior to those of every other European Power—scarce a quick-firer amongst them, except some German guns which we got with great difficulty and in a great hurry when the Boer affair was on; and backs up his statements with the authority of an officer of high rank in the British Army—wonder who that can be? You don't happen to know anything about it? I suppose the public will as usual want to know who is responsible, and how such things are possible after the re-organisation that brought Us into being, and all the rest of it. Why can't these newspaper

follows and the public mind their own business! What do they know about our work? Some of 'em would know what work is if they had to design an undress cap! I've got that cap on the brain—rather neat that, eh?—not the cap, but the joke. Well, I dream of that cap all night and think of it all day, and then, on the top of all this, they want to worry us about guns!

First Member. Well, I rather fancy, now you speak of it, I did hear of something of the kind. They say they've got a splendid gun designed—an 18½-pounder, a long way the best in the



THE HIGHWAY; OR, THE GHOST'S MISTAKE.

Shade of Turpin. "GADZOOKS! TIMES DON'T SEEM TO HAVE CHANGED MUCH, AFTER ALL!"

market—but they couldn't get the money out of the Treasury, and the manufacturing people actually refuse to make the guns unless they get paid for them—so much for patriotism! But (with a sudden inspiration) why not wire down to Woolwich and see if they know anything? The KING was down there the other day inspecting the Artillery, and he would have noticed fast enough if there had been anything wrong. Don't believe there is, but perhaps, to satisfy the Public, we might wire, or drop a line to someone down there.

Third Member. Well, we can't possibly see to everything. Let's get back to business, or we shall be late for lunch. Now about this cap . . .

SOME GAS-FREAKS.

A "GREAT Gas Exhibition" is to take place shortly at Earl's Court. We understand that among the exhibits and side shows there will be found the following:—

A Set of Fully-Inflated Gas-bags, lent (during the Recess) by the Lower House of Parliament. A large number of these are of Irish manufacture and liable to explode without warning. One of the remainder, a Welsh specimen, is highly-charged and warranted to operate for six hours at a stretch. Another, contributed by a Lancashire firm, is practically inexhaustible. The two latter, with many more of similar construction, will be employed for the illumination of platforms throughout the country pending the approach of the General Election.

Some American "Spellbinders," as used for touring purposes in the West during the recent Presidential campaign. They shed a somewhat garish light, not unmixed with considerable warmth, on impromptu crowds in railway stations, market squares, and other places of public resort.

An Incandescent Mantle, exhibited by the Prophet ELIJAH DOWIE, at white heat by reason of the resistance and non-conductivity of British atmosphere.

A selection of Simple Household Meters (on the Penny-in-the-slot Principle) displayed by the Poet Laureate. They are Made in England, are guaranteed against being "fraud-pilfered," and may be read by a child.

A variety of Safety Burners, otherwise known as "Passive Resisters," very cheap and economical. They are specially designed to lower the rates and at the same time spread the light. Their invention and employment is a liberal education in the art of circumventing the law without burning the fingers. The amount of gas these ingenious little applications give off is simply marvellous.

Manifestos and Orders to the Fleet by Russian admirals, with full directions in the case of Panic at Sea; also a Treatise on "Accidents and How they may be Explained Away."

Manifestos and Orders to the Fleet by British Cabinet Ministers, with complete rules for the diplomatic avoidance of taking offence; also a Text-book on "Pirates at Large, and How their Susceptibilities may be Tenderly Handled."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite finds *The Farm of the Dagger* (NEWNES), though less lengthy in form, less elaborate in treatment, than some of the books that have made the fame of Mr. EDEN PHILLIPPS, not less charming. It has about it the babble of Dart, the breath and bloom of the moor the author knows so well and loves so dearly. Next to THOMAS HARDY Mr. PHILLIPPS is master of the characterisation of the country villager, with his quaint picturesque talk infused with sub-acid humour. *Eve Newcombe*, round whose love-story tragedy gathers, is a delightful English girl. Contrasted with her purity and faithfulness is the history of her father and his hated neighbour *Roger Honeywell*, closing in a dramatic scene in the parlour at Dagger Farm, where the passing visitor shares with his host a draught of *John Newcombe's* sparkling (for the occasion poisoned) home-brewed ale. "As *Honeywell* set down his second glass he felt the sensation of a hot belt tightening round his stomach. 'What's this?' he said, and stared at *Newcombe*. 'Death,' answered the other grimly, 'death at last, though I've got to go too. That's no matter. I'll die happy to see you die.'" Hating each other in life, in death they were not divided.

The humour or artistic value of LOUIS WAIN's cats the Baron has always failed to appreciate, and a searching inquiry into the merits of this artist's pictures in *Funny Animals* (CLARKE & Co.) only confirms the Baron in his own opinion. Mr. SHEPHERD's monkeys and frogs in this book are really humorous. His pigs, *The Little Truants*, and his *Cockatoos*, are full of "go." The "other artists" (so advertised) do good work, specially Mr. CROMWELL LAURENCE in his *Fishes at School*. A book to amuse children.

The only flaw my Baronite notes in the perfectness of MARION CRAWFORD's latest work is its title. *Whosoever Shall Offend* (MACMILLAN) is not more appropriate to the story than if it had been called *Here To-day and Gone To-morrow*. That is, however, a detail which does not affect the masterfulness of the work. Some may find it a little rude in the frankness of its dealing with the ways of common life in Italy. Men are too ready with poison and dagger, women too careless about the marriage ceremony, to suit the severer taste of more northern latitudes. Nevertheless—perhaps, therefore—there is a good deal of human nature in the drama. One of the strongest characters is *Regina*, the peasant girl who saves the life of the rich young *Marcello*, nurses him through illness following on one of the few uncompleted attempts at murder that star the story, loves him, lives with him, and sets aside his offer to marry her because she is not Signorina, and therefore not good enough for the position. Another fine study is her father *Ereole*, gamekeeper and gardener to *Marcello's* mother. A third is his dog *Nino*, a faithful savage brute, doubtless drawn from life. From these hints it will be gathered that the story is not written with pen dipped in rosewater. It is a tragedy whose unfolding holds the reader in grim grip from the first chapter to the last.

In considering the wittily named *Harvest of Chaff* (CONSTABLE) My Baronite is hampered by consideration of the fact that, with one exception, the sparkling verse first bubbled in the weekly cauldron of *Punch*. All the world read it there. Here is opportunity of fully recognising the resource and skill by which, dealing with a variety of topics, the high note pitched in the opening effort is maintained throughout. HOMER nodded (as has been said before), and WORDSWORTH, whilst sometimes touching the highest peaks of poetry, occasionally descended to depths of doggerel. OWEN SEAMAN'S

work is almost monotonous in its unflawed excellence. The subjects, being picked out for *Punch* from the topics of the week, naturally vary in point when presented in book form. But each is touched with master hand. Mr. SEAMAN laughs, cynically for the most part, round all his multifarious topics. But he is never frivolous. For example, dealing with one of the bye-elections he, in dramatic verse, depicts the feeling of an upstart bumptious employer of labour who woos the labour vote in effort to get in the House of Commons, and explodes in wrath at discovery that at Barnard Castle a labour candidate has defeated the official Liberal nominee. We have already forgotten Barnard Castle and the result of its poll; Mr. SEAMAN, perceiving in it an influence that may have important consequences on the political position in the immediate future, does well to preserve the pungent commentary. Whilst daintily toying with newspaper topics in fashion that recalls CALVERLEY, Mr. SEAMAN upon occasion doffs the jester's suit and strikes a solemn chord. The death of Queen VICTORIA brought forth a multitude of verse, in merit ranking down to the level of the Poet Laureate. In music, pathos, and simplicity, the noble tribute laid on the dead QUEEN's coffin by Mr. *Punch's* Young Man is incomparable.

Christmas books, reports the Assistant Reader, have begun to set in with their usual pleasant prematurity. Amongst these I desire to single out a particularly pretty little story for children, entitled *Buffles, the Story of a Dog* (BICKERS), written by A. L., and illustrated by SIBYL MICHELLS. The story is simply and gracefully written, and children are certain to be charmed both by it and by the delightful pictures that Miss MICHELLS has drawn and painted to accompany and adorn it.

The *Golliwog*, being a bit played out in England, is taken abroad for a Christmas holiday excursion by Miss FLORENCE K. UPTON, and its adventures among the Dutch Dolls are described pictorially by her clever eccentric pencil and paint-brush, and by Miss BERTHA UPTON's Golliwoggian Muse, in a bright publication (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), entitled *The Golliwog in Holland*. The Dutchesses, or Dutch Dolls, are quaintly captivating, and if only for their sweet sakes the dollinquiries of the *Golliwog*, whom the Baron trusts he now sees for the last time, will be forgiven.

Let the Baron recommend Mr. FERGUS HUME, author of *The Wooden Hand* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), when next he wishes to interest us in a story depending upon a mysterious murder, to be very careful that the victim be neither wooden-headed nor wooden-handed (as in this case), but somebody whom the reader has learnt to love. The exact reverse of this is instanced in this the above-named author's latest novel. The Baron loveth a good sensational plot, whether in melodrama or romance, but no melodrama or romance ever yet achieved thorough success unless the victim, either of mistake or treachery, had won the entire sympathy of the audience or the reader, from the very commencement. In this story there are too many characters; they hamper the author and confuse the reader, and none of them, save the circus girl, offers any point of individual interest. All have something to do, directly or remotely—and this is where Mr. HUME shows his ingenuity—with the crime and its unravelling. *Faute de mieux*, 'twill serve a non-Bridge-player on a wet day in a country house.

